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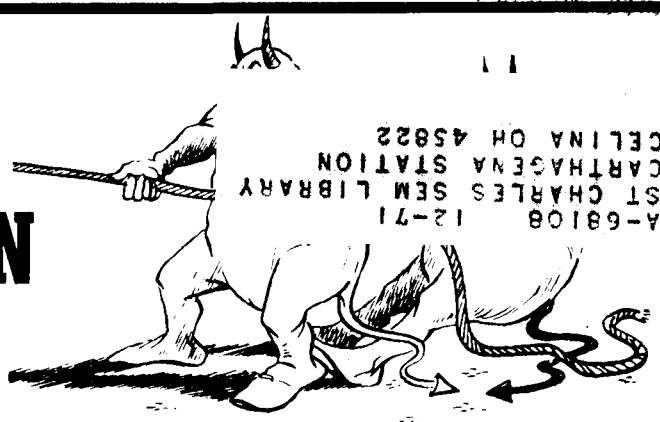
HELL: ONE HELL OF A QUESTION

JOSEPH E. KOKJOHN



Getting Busted In New York

Phil Tracy

Religion & Science

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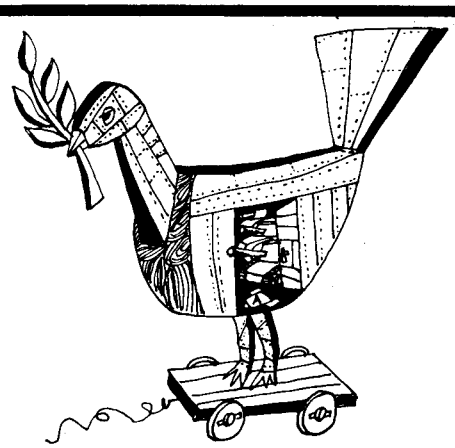
Bill Nichols

Storey Theater

Gerald Weales

CHANGING THE GUARD IN POLAND

MATTHEW M. MESTROVIC



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NEWS & VIEWS

Uruguay's 'Unguents'

One of the effects of the kidnap and murder of American police-adviser Dan A. Mitrione in Uruguay last August was to reveal Uruguay as a country beset with terrorism—and terrible police counter-violence.

The reality and extent of police tortures were largely lost, however, in the outcry over the death of Mitrione. Blame became a one-dimensional item; the terrorists, in effect, made officialdom a white-hat operation.

But officialdom is not that clean, as an investigatory commission of the Uruguayan Senate itself has revealed.

LADOC, the documentation service of the Latin America Bureau of the U.S. Catholic Conference, has reprinted some findings of that commission. They do not make pretty reading.

Hold your stomach:

"We find.

"1. That the practice of using inhuman treatment and tortures on those held by the police of Montevideo is habitual, frequent, and practically the normal thing.

"2. That the practice goes all the way from simple personal abuse by words, acts, blows, clubbings, privation of water and food, refusal of sanitary facilities, dislocation of arms and legs, handcuffing and tying up of prisoners in needless and painful ways, to the use of hot electric filaments, cigarette burns on the genitals, the anus, etc.

"3. That the explanation given by the authorities that they are unaware of such excesses, or deny their existence, is quite unacceptable. If those assertions were true, the officials would be absolutely incompetent to serve with the police or allied agencies.

"4. That those mistreatments and tortures have been applied to individuals innocent of any crime, who were deprived of due process, put on trial for crimes they had confessed only during torture and abusive treatment . . . This kind of treatment is occasionally, if not usually, given to habitual malefactors, but of late it is being inflicted regularly on students and labor leaders too.

"5. That women are the victims of especially objectionable methods.

"6. That the police are getting away scot-free, although they disregard the provisions stipulating that the police should turn over their prisoners to the courts after a certain number of hours or days, and that prisoners should then be allowed to defend themselves before a judge.

"7. That justice has been thwarted when attempts were made to find out who was guilty of mistreatments and tortures inflicted, and that penal action is never taken, as far as we can tell, against guilty superior officers for their omissions or complicity . . .

"8. That the investigators are running into all sorts of obstacles in collecting the evidence to insure non-repetition of these abuses. In fact, our findings show that guilty civil servants are still employees of the police force."

Thus the report.

The conclusions of the Uruguayan Senatorial commission are not all that new. Father Louis Colonnese alluded to them in an interview in late summer calling for an investigation into possible U.S. involvement in the torture techniques of the police of certain Latin countries, including Uruguay. But until now the specifics have not been widely spelled out.

Their publication by LADOC comes at an appropriate time. They could have a special relevance if the hearings of the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Western Hemispheric Affairs, scheduled this winter in Washington, go beyond Brazil (which they're not supposed to) to U.S.-sponsored police training programs in other Latin countries.

Actually, it is hard to see how those hearings can possibly be restricted to Brazil. The Latin American commitments of the U.S. Agency for International Development are neither so narrow nor so compartmentalized to allow such orderly looking into.

Mitrione's history dramatizes the point. Before his Uruguayan assignment, he was advising the police of Belo Horizonte, Brazil.

With this ghost stalking congressional halls the hearings could carry to lengths extremely embarrassing to officialdom in Washington.

The Vocations Crisis

The Pope, in his annual "State of the Church" address before the College of Cardinals, expressed apprehension over the decline in the number of priests and religious.

Pope Paul spoke in the context of "defections," which is, of course, to speak of only one side of the religious-personnel problem. The other and perhaps larger side is the decrease in vocations. They're not just down; they're disappearing entirely.

The gravity of the situation is demonstrated by Spain, an overwhelmingly Catholic country with a traditionally large vocations representation. The decline there is now rated as "catastrophic."

Arriba, a government daily newspaper, notes that between 1966 and 1969, enrollment in Spain's major seminaries dwindled from 7,689 to 2,245, "an unparalleled drop of just under 5,500."

"At this rate," the paper said, "Spain's seminaries can become completely empty."

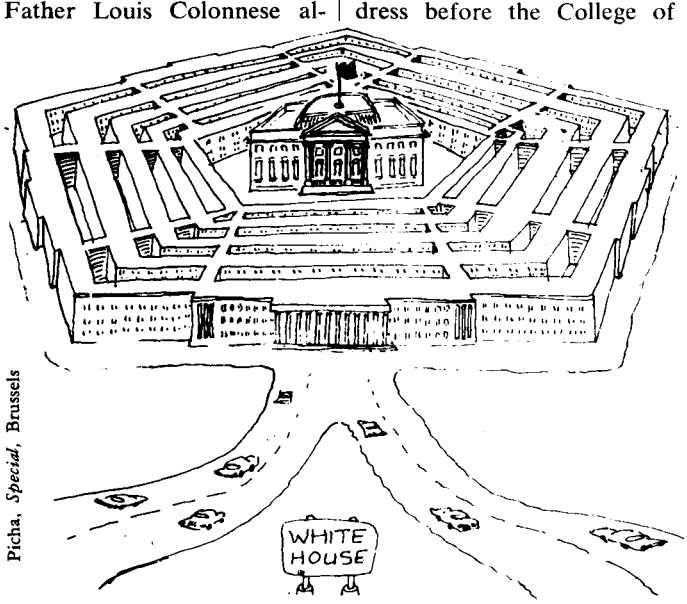
The official Spanish church directory confirms the state of crisis. Only one diocese, Toledo, shows an increase in vocations — of two. Pamplona, historically strong in vocations, dropped from 95 seminarians in 1968 to 40 in 1969.

Odds and Ends

—Messrs. Berger and Blackmun continue to program as good Nixon appointees to the High Court should. On the 18-year-old voting age rulings, both aligned on the negative side, for federal as well as for state elections.

—*Le Monde's* view of Mr. Nixon continues to be a jaundiced one. It speaks of Nixon's "splendid isolation" and suggests that the infrequent Presidential press conferences are called, not to discuss issues, but to serve political purposes. The Dec. 10 press conference, for instance, had no other purpose in *Le Monde's* words but "to prepare American public opinion for the resumption of air strikes against North Vietnam." Not much argument there.

JOHN DEEDY



Picha, *Special*, Brussels

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CORRESPONDENCE

Passing the Health Crisis

Boston, Mass.

To the Editors: Edward T. Chase's article, "The Health Crisis" [Dec. 4], is an awfully good job of pulling together all the inadequacies of our highly-touted delivery system. Particularly perceptive is his point that the current sad state might well be the silent majority's biggest disenchantment.

The delivery system will be reorganized, in spite of the obstruction of solo practitioners who shudder at the very mention of the words, "federal," "group" and "community medicine," and who, to me at least, are represented by a noted Boston specialist who, some years ago, wound up his overpriced piece of surgery, hovered over his patient and, as she came out of the anesthesia, told her in his awe-inspiring voice, "Do you see these hands, madam? They saved your life."

I hope only that the current crop of medical students will be true to the bright promises their welcome social consciences hold, and will practice in later years what they now preach. For there is temptation in the desert of ill health, and there is gold in the hills.

JOHN M. LANGONE

White Left Relevancy

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: Mr. Richard Fox's letter in reply to my article "The White Left in the Mother Country" (Dec. 11) is puzzling because it seems to have been written by ignoring almost everything I said (with polemics). I did *not* suggest that America was the sole imperialist, but rather that the U.S.A. was the leader of the advanced technological nations of the West in their imperialist relationship with the Third World. I did *not* suggest that the problem was military alone, but rather that the military was the most overt form of what is essentially neo-colonialism. I did *not*

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DEFOLIANTS – A CLOSED CASE?

Would that all questions bearing on the war in Vietnam could be settled so unequivocally as the study of the American Association for the Advancement of Science has settled the question of chemical defoliants. What simpler dilemmas would that war present.

But all questions are not so readily determined as the defoliant one—in part because the right parties do not always press the right issues; in part because many problems of that war resist conclusive testing; in part because the military is generally less than cooperative in allowing studies to be made by independent sources, however competent and professional.

That the defoliation question could be carefully explored (even though somewhat less carefully than AAAS scientists would have preferred) is of itself considerable accomplishment. The results confirm unmistakably the great influence which can be exerted on war policy by the intellectual community, given the opportunity and providing the will exists to probe seriously, particularly in areas to which a special competence is brought. Possibilities exist here which are largely shut to groups of broad concern; and positive response is much more likely to be come by.

In the instance of the AAAS defoliants study, positive response actually preceded release of the study itself. On December 26, Washington announced plans for "an orderly, yet rapid phase-out of the herbicide operations" in Vietnam; on December 29, the AAAS's Dr. Matthew S. Meselson, a Harvard biologist, made public the facts which rendered unthinkable anything else but a phase-out: that the chemical spraying has had a catastrophic ecological effect on wide sections of Vietnam; that 600,000 people (most of them friendly Montagnards), have been deprived of their normal food supply; that some unknown factor has prevented any vegetation from returning to areas heavily treated; that birth defects traceable to sprays, though not scientifically documented, are not to be ruled out.

Only a special kind of apologist would hold that there was no causal relationship in Washington's decision to phase-out defoliants on the eve of the meeting at which the AAAS findings would be released. The findings could only be damaging, so obviously impact should be blunted. The strategy was effective; the AAAS study was news only momentarily.

Still results were achieved; defoliant usage will be halted. Furthermore,

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it is likely that AAAS recommendations will be adopted, including those aimed at finding ways by which plant life may be restored to devastated areas. But does this let Washington off the hook? It shouldn't, not when, as a Wisconsin U. law professor who was once alternate U.S. representative to the Geneva disarmament conference notes, the AAAS study adds to the evidence that the U.S. has violated, in spirit if not letter, the Geneva Protocol of 1925, the 1907 Hague Convention, and the 1949 Geneva Convention on Civilians. George Bunn argues that the U.S. has engaged in activities for which Germany and Japan were prosecuted after World War II. There is no international tribunal before which blame relating to defoliants can be dealt with, but something of honor could be redeemed if Washington made accountability the next step for those responsible for defoliant policy.

Changing the Guard In Poland

The downfall of Wladyslaw Gomulka, after 14 years in power, and his replacement as First Secretary of Poland's Communist party by Edward Gierek, is unlikely to bring about any fundamental economic and political changes for the better in Poland. This is admittedly a gloomy prognosis.

Gomulka had been seriously ill for some time, which may explain his amazing lack of judgment in approving drastic increases in food prices shortly before Christmas. This added economic hardship touched off strikes and

A Christmas Card From the FBI

Federal authorities have their own way of marking holidays, so a few days before Christmas they delivered their present to the two men at whose home Father Daniel Berrigan was "captured" last August; they indicted lay Episcopal theologian William Stringfellow and poet Anthony Towne on charges of "harboring" a fugitive. The two will come to trial in U. S. District Court in Providence, probably in early spring.

After their arraignment, Stringfellow and Towne held a press conference at their home on Block Island, and released a statement outlining their position in conscience and before the law. It appears below:

Grave charges have been made against us by the public authorities and we have pleaded innocent to those charges because we *are* innocent. In due course, a jury of our fellow citizens will have opportunity to uphold our innocence and we await their verdict with cheerful expectations.

Daniel Berrigan is our friend. We rejoice in that fact and strive to be worthy of it. Our hospitality to Daniel Berrigan is no crime. At a certain time and in a certain place we did "relieve, receive, comfort and assist" him and we did "offer and give sustenance and lodging" to him. We did not "harbor" or "conceal" him. We did not "hinder" the authorities.

Father has and had no need to be concealed. By his own extraordinary vocation, and by the grace of God, he has become one of the conspicuous Christians of these wretched times. We have done what we could do to affirm him in this regard. We categorically deny that we have done anything to conceal him.

We are not disposed to hide what light there is under a bushel.

Our indictment has not happened in a void. We cannot ignore the scene in which such a remarkable event takes place: the manifold and multiplying violence of this society, the alienation between races and generations, the moral fatigue of Americans, the debilitating atmosphere in which citizens become so suspicious and fearful of their own government that they suppose silence is the only safety and conformity the only way to survive.

Because we are innocent, we believe that we would not have been indicted but for the pervasiveness of the spirit of repression which has lately overtaken the nation.

In that respect, we consider that whatever happens to us will in truth be happening to all Americans.

And so, to our fellow citizens, we say:

The violence must end.

All violence must stop.

The vainglorious war in Asia must now cease, but, more than that, the war enterprise must be dismantled and the military predominance in our society must be reversed.

And the violence of political terrorists must end now. Arson, kidnapping, bombing in fact sabotage the social change the nation so pathetically needs, and such tactics are just as wrong and just as futile as the violence of war and racism and repression.

The psychological violence, sometimes officially condoned, by which citizens are accused and impugned without opportunity for appropriate reply and are otherwise harassed, spied upon, frightened or intimidated must be stopped now.

These are all works of death. Only when our country is free of them will it be a society in which men can rejoice as human beings. . . .

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demonstrations by workers in Gdansk, Sopot, Gdynia, Szczecin and elsewhere, with resulting looting, rioting and bloodshed that was eventually quelled by Polish tanks. The error in judgment is so obvious that one wonders if the whole unfortunate affair had not been deliberately provoked by Gomulka's enemies to oust him from power.

Similarly, the ideological make-up of the new Politburo remains unclear. Some of the most notorious hardliners and Stalinists of Gomulka's regime have been ousted. The generally progressive Jozef Cyrankiewicz, a former sccialist and Poland's prime minister since 1947, has been moved to the largely ceremonial presidency of the republic. On the other hand, General Mieczyslaw Moczar, the anti-Semite, rigid Communist and former minister, is back in the Politburo.

Obviously, despite his Polish chauvinism and alleged anti-Russian leanings, Moczar's political comeback has the Kremlin's approval. But why? Is he useful as a counterweight to Edward Gierek, who has also received Brezhnev's blessing? Perhaps the Kremlin feels surer of its continued domination of the Polish Politburo by the presence of such bitter enemies as Gierek and Moczar in the top Polish leadership.

Tangentially, who exactly is Moczar? Is he the person his official biography claims he is? Or, is he a certain Demko from Byelorussia who worked for the Soviet secret police even in pre-World War II days, as his Polish enemies, both inside and outside the Communist party, claim?

The reconstructed Politburo has already taken initial steps to placate worker discontent. It has promised a two-year freeze on food prices, substantial subsidies of $300 million to large families and the retired, and unspecified wage increases for the workers. At the same time the party leadership has promised to improve church-state relations that have been strained for several years. But these welcome measures will hardly solve Poland's chronic shortage of meat and other food or increase the inadequate supply of consumer goods.

Poland's food output has been sharply cut over the past two years by severe winters and floods. Purchasing power exceeds the available consumer goods. The result is obvious: inflation. To bring supply and demand into better balance, Poland's "pragmatic" economic planners sought to reduce consumption with the December price boosts. This in turn led to worker rioting in Poland's Baltic cities and Gomulka's downfall.

A radical reform that would move Poland further away from the obviously unsatisfactory Soviet economic model is required to cure Poland's lagging economy. But this the Kremlin will hardly permit. Thus Poland's economic as well as her political realities continue to be dictated by her geopolitical location—that is, her pivotal position in the Soviet East European empire. The Soviets need Poland to control East Germany and keep Germany divided. Similarly, Poland is essential for Soviet control of Czechoslovakia and Hungary. This truth was confirmed by the fact that the bulk of the Soviet troops moving against Czechoslovakia in the summer of 1968 came across Poland.

U.S.-Soviet relations and the continued fragmentation of Europe to which, despite protestations, Washington seems as much committed as Moscow, hold the key to the solution of Polish problems. After all, the U.S. insisted on the rearmament of West Germany and its inclusion into NATO that sealed the division of Germany and Europe. The U.S. similarly rejected the Rapacki plan, advanced by the then Polish foreign minister, for a Central Europe free of nuclear weapons.

The suspicion with which official Washington views any and all attempts to bridge the division of Europe is shown by the private, and not so private, criticism of such cold warriors as Acheson, McCloy, Clay and George Ball directed at Chancellor Brandt's opening to the East. And yet, this policy has already brought some positive results. Germany has recognized the Oder-Neisse line as Poland's western border and Bonn has signed with Moscow an agreement renouncing the use of force.

Many Europeans, both East and West, see the fundamental difference between the Soviet Union and the U.S. in the nature of their imperialisms. While the Soviets combine ideological subversion with old-fashioned territorial colonialism, the U.S. pursues a more sophisticated economic imperialism, whose goal is to control the economies of other nations and integrate them with its own. In Europe both imperialisms require the division of the Continent into spheres of influence.

Under these circumstances it seems cynical to rejoice over turmoil and strife in Poland, which can hardly bring fundamental changes for the better, and hypocritical to shed crocodile tears over the harsh lot of the Polish people. Changes will, of course, come to Poland and to Eastern Europe in general. But they depend, not so much on the internal constellation of forces, as on a shift, in one direction or the other, of the existing power relationship between the Soviet Union and the U.S. and to a certain extent between these two and Communist China. MATTHEW M. MESTROVIC

(Matthew M. Mestrovic is a member of the faculty of Fairleigh Dickinson University.)

NEXT WEEK

ARTHUR SIMON writes of suburban walls that exclude blacks and lower-income whites:

"The housing shortage is a basic part of the problem. Millions of new housing units are needed—26 million in a decade, if we are to accept the 1968 Housing Act's goal. As long as we are hamstrung by a housing shortage, we build racial animosity into the system."

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Repression in Brazil: Protest vs. Protocol

Impassioned protests against systematic repression and torture in Brazil have been as commonplace during 1970 as were pleas for assistance to starving Biafrans in the previous year. And they have been about as effective.

As prestigious as any was a statement signed by 117 prominent Chileans early last summer. The signers include the poet Pablo Neruda, the rectors of all the universities, top political figures in several parties, and the heads of labor and student federations.

The organizing group, the Chilean Committee of Solidarity with the Brazilian People, then took their signature-laden document, addressed to U Thant, to the UN representative in Santiago. He declined to receive it. The Committee sensed external pressures, which may or may not have been exercised—technically, the UN man was procedurally correct in not serving as a mail-drop—so they decided to have it hand-delivered to New York. Latin American radicals have no illusions about the political impartiality of the mails.

This entailed having it flown to Montreal by a French-Canadian Jesuit, driven to Washington where it was turned over to the USCC's Latin America Bureau, which entrusted it to the NGO representative for Pax Romana, who finally laid it on the Secretary General. That was October 25, the UN's unfestive 25th birthday. A fitting occasion since all that has happened to that protest, all that can happen in the present UN, is that it has taken up two-and-a-half lines in the monthly listing of documents lodged with the S.G.

Other attempts to work through governmental structures have fared little better. Unlike the UN Human Rights Commission, which cannot act unless requested to by a member state, the OAS Commission is empowered to take up human rights issues even when brought before it by non-member agencies.

Thus, beginning last June 25, the Latin American sections of the U.S. Catholic Conference and the National Council of Churches, acting on information provided by literally dozens of other organizations, lodged a formal request that the OAS take up the matter of torture and repression in Brazil.

A delegation from the churches was graciously received by the Commission's executive secretary; they were instructed on the precise manner in which to file their request; reams of documentation were catalogued and submitted, and, finally, a date was set for the Human Rights Commission to hear the charges and decide on a course of action.

The Commission met from October 13 to 22 and agreed to send a delegation of two senior members to Brazil—Dr. Luis Reque, the Commission's executive secretary, and Dr. Durwood Santifer, vice-president of the Inter-American Commission of the OAS. The only remaining formality was the permission of the Brazilian government to admit the team.

Silence then followed. A month later, on November 21, Reuters carried a brief item saying that Brazil had denied permission. At this writing, the OAS will neither confirm nor deny the story (which Reuters picked up from a government-controlled news agency in Brazil), but few here are holding their breath.

Given the number and specificity of the charges, the government could hardly hope to clean up the mess—if, in fact, it wants to—before such a team arrives. And with so many people, even in Brazil, even in jails, anxious to testify to such a delegation, the cat would soon be out of the bag.

So another protest goes its way. Public opinion has been aroused, even more in Europe than here. (The JOC has held demonstrations in dozens of cities under the slogan, *En Brasil, nous serions en prison.*) But that has happened before and still the arrests and tortures go on.

The one faint glimmer of hope—apart from what changes may occur in Brazil itself over the coming months—seems to lie with the Senate hearings on U.S.-Brazil relations, called for early in 1971 by Frank Church.

It's not yet clear what the hearings can accomplish. Admissible witnesses must be U.S. citizens; besides, the internal policies of the Brazilian government are not the proper subject of the hearings. But if the hearings succeed in convincing the Nixon Administration and U.S. business that they should at least stop regarding the present Brazilian regime as a specially favored client, that will be something.

Although most Americans find it hard to accept, Brazil has all the makings of a super-state and, given a bit more time, of a super-power. There is a widely-held view among Brazilians that a U.S.-USSR showdown is imminent, one that will see the U.S. emerge like Pyrrhus, victorious but spent. Brazil then will be prepared to dominate, at least in the Western Hemisphere.

This is not the worst possible scenario if the older image of Brazil as an urbane, civilized and genuinely peace-loving (not to say fun-loving—almost a Brazilian invention) society were to re-emerge. But that's not how Brazil of the Generals is tending today.

Pax Americana is a frightening reality, but a Pax Brasiliana, based on one of the most repressive, totalitarian structures anywhere, is even more chilling.

THOMAS QUIGLEY

(*Thomas Quigley is with the Division for Latin America, Department of International Affairs of the United States Catholic Conference.*)

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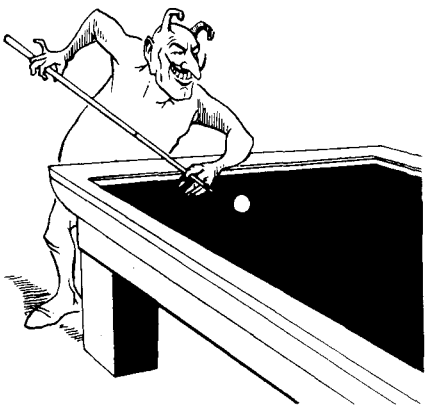
A HELL OF A QUESTION

If everyone is eventually saved, why is there a doctrine of hell?

JOSEPH E. KOKJOHN



When man begins to examine life and makes an appraisal of his participation in it, his thoughts gradually turn to that moment in the future when the mortality he knows and cherishes serves an irrevocable ultimatum. He is not particularly pleased with the thought that his survival depends upon either the memory of others or his procreation. That some part of him continues to exist in one way or another after the moment of death appears to be close to a universal belief whether he is Hindu, Platonist, or Freudian. Most of the classical literature he is familiar with confirms his hope that some form of personal immortality is a premise of his existence, although few writers offer such detailed pictures of his future abode as do Homer, Plato, Virgil and Dante.

Today many retreat to the comfort found in the theology of hope and particularly in the belief of universal salvation: something of man continues to live and in the transition of death will immediately or ultimately have a closer relationship with the Creator for all eternity. This view of cosmic salvation, which is basic to the thought of Origen as well as to that of Gregory of Nyssa and Scotus, fails to answer a rather fundamental question by not asking it: If everyone is eventually saved, why is there a doctrine of hell? Another question that should be asked is: Does hell exist primarily to accommodate the doctrine of personal immortality?

While belief in immortality, as well as in divine reward and punishment, depends much upon man's concept of God, a great deal also depends upon man's concept of himself. Is immortality a premise of life or only a promise of life to be bestowed in the hereafter? At one point in his life Voltaire asked himself why men believed in the immortal principle and answered it by saying, "Perhaps from their inordinate vanity. I am persuaded that if a peacock could speak he would boast of his soul, and would affirm that it inhabitated his magnificent tail."

How, then, did personal immortality find such a strong place in the Christian tradition? Before Jerusalem was Hellenized, the Jews and Greeks already shared a similar view of man: he was looked upon more as a tribal and social being than as an individual entity; in varying degrees, both cultures stressed man's contribution to the community and nation, wtih a certain type of this-world impersonal immortality bestowed upon him in the collective memory of the people who survived him. Such is the view of Thucydides, and not much different is the view of man's immortality in the Old Testament before the Exile. While the early Greeks placed more emphasis upon the collective memory of the state, the Hebrews saw the personality as continuing in the historical destiny of the People of God. However, as man became more reflective, he apparently became less social conscious and more aware of his own individuality. In Plato this individualism results in intrinsic personal immortality. He places a certain faith in the Absolute, and each man's salvation rests in the response to the Absolute, with the philosopher achieving the greatest reward. Paralleling this individualistic development in Hebraic literature after the Exile is the constant questioning of each person's relationship to Yahweh, so well exemplified in Job and his probings.

Consequently, as man became more aware of himself as an individual entity and not only as a member of a larger group, he began to form a more concrete concept of his nature. For Plato and his school, perhaps follow-

FATHER JOSEPH E. KOKJOHN *teaches English at St. Ambrose College in Iowa.*

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ing the Orphics and Pythagoreans, man was conceived in dualistic terms, composed of a mortal body and an immortal soul; however, there was no guarantee of *individual* consciousness after the soul had gained union with the Good—unlike Homer's characters in their shadowy abode. The Hebrew concept of man, on the other hand, had no dichotomy of body and soul; man was looked upon as an indivisible synthetic whole composed of flesh, spirit, soul, and heart.

Personal Immortality

The stress on universal personal conscious immortality, it appears is a result of later Christian philosophy and theology which attempted to interpret and explain Scripture in terms derived primarily from Plato. While the concept of the resurrection is clearly in the New Testament, the word *immortality* itself appears in only two passages: I Cor. 15:53-54 and I Tim. 6:16. In these passages the term is attributed to the Lord and to the saved in the hereafter. There is no such phrase in Scripture as "immortal soul" or "immortality of the soul" or its equivalent; there is only the promise of immortality, not an explanation in philosophical language. As for the frequently used word *eternal,* its meaning is often the same as that in many secular writings—a period of long duration, not necessarily time without end. Consequently, the polarity of mortal body and immortal soul was a concept, and perhaps problem, the late Jews and early Christians inherited from Athens, not Jerusalem.

While patristic writings are heavily weighted toward immortality as a premise for every man, it is clear—although infrequently mentioned—that during the first two centuries of Christian thought not everyone believed in it. In some ways Philo the Jew exemplifies the dilemma: he believed that the soul by its very nature is immortal but that the wicked have the power to destroy it. The author of the *Epistle of Clement* maintained that only the righteous will rise, a view expressed also in the *Didache.* In the *Epistle of Barnabas* the author implies that the damned will perish, and Justin suggests that they will suffer only as long as God desires before they are annihilated. Among modern philosophers, while Hegel and Spinoza seem to favor some type of impersonal immortality, such men as Newton, Locke, and Mill hold that the soul is not necessarily immortal, and Hobbes, Hume, and Russell, for example, seemingly reject the principle of immortality. As religious groups, the Anabaptists in the sixteenth century and the Socinians in the early seventeenth taught that only the righteous survive death and achieve immortality. Today the Seventh Day Adventists follow this tradition. Due to the questioning of belief in personal immortality, the orthodox doctrine of hell has continued to diminish over the past three hundred years, and in some respects has returned to the Old Testament concept of Sheol.

In Hebraic literature a retributive life in the future is not a significant element. Sheol is similar to the Hades of Homeric literature in its negative view; Achilles tells Odysseus: "Say not a word in death's favor; I would rather be a paid servant in a poor man's house and be above ground than king of kings among the dead." In the Hades of Homer the individuality of each person is preserved, although barely; in the subterranean region of no-return in the Old Testament, however, the dead have an impersonal state of inactivity—a concept compatible with the Mesopotamian belief that the abode of the dead is a tomb for the inert, not a place of survival but a place that denies life. Without a body there is no life. The author of Ecclesiastes says, "For whatsoever is joined to all the living has hope; for as a living dog he is better than a dead lion. For the living know that they will die; but the dead know nothing at all . . ." (9:4-5) Isaiah speaks of the wicked man as one who is devoured by maggots and worms, but even more caustic is: "But you are cast forth, tombless, like a hateful abortion." (14:19) Job is likewise grim in describing Sheol as "a land of darkness and blackness, a land of shadow, like gloom, of blackness without order" (10:21-22), where the pit is man's father and the worm his mother (17:14). In life a man is close to God, but in death he is separated from the source of life. Sheol is the grave.

Only in the later writings of the Old Testament is found the possibility of personal survival and of resurrection, that is, where the authors are probably influenced by Hellenistic thought. The earliest reference seems to be Daniel 12:2: "And many of those who sleep in the land of dust shall awake, some to everlasting reproach and contempt." And in Wisdom 5:5: "How did he come to be reckoned among the sons of God, And why is his lot among the saints?" Nevertheless, even in this literature, dated the second century before Christ, there seems to be no clear evidence that *all* men will survive, as in II Mcc. 7:14: "It is better to die by man's hands and look for the hopes God gives of being raised again by him; for you will have no resurrection to life." In other words, if such passages do not refer to the corporate personality of the People of God but rather to the concept of survival and a future life for the just, the meaning of Sheol changes radically, as does the concept of man.

As a Pharisee, Paul could easily accept the fact of the resurrection of Christ; the Sadducees and the Hellenistic Jews, on the other hand, did not believe in the possibility of resurrection. It is Paul's teaching of the *bodily* resurrection that the Corinthians found problematic; they could readily accept the immortality of the soul, but not the immortality of the whole person. Later they must have had further difficulty reconciling resurrection and the unsaved, since in the synoptic tradition there is no mention of the resurrection of the damned.

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If the just man achieves immortality, and only the just man, then what about the condition of the unjust? What today is referred to as hell is consistently called Hades, not Sheol, in the New Testament—by those writers who mention it. It is at times conceived as the Sheol of the Old Testament where the good and bad alike go; the sojourn there lasts until the resurrection. This concept of the abode of the dead is perhaps the same as that in Isaiah 26:19, which is the first instance of belief in the *temporal* existence for the dead in the Old Testament, undoubtedly due to belief in the resurrection. The other concept of Hades in the New Testament is that of a place for the unjust. The final place of punishment, evidently, is Gehenna, the Valley of Hinnon, which at one time had been a place where human sacrifice was offered to pagan gods, but in biblical times had already become the city dump, a refuse heap on the outskirts of Jerusalem. Here the stench and smoke and fire were a constant reminder to the inhabitants of what happened to things that had served their purpose—they were destroyed. In some Talmudic writings this burning heap of rubble was looked upon as the door to the afterlife, but in the New Testament it appears to be a closed door and those who remain on this side of it will be annihilated. It is the abode of the damned.

The Image of Fire

Unless the abode of the unjust is looked upon figuratively, and not as a literal and geographical reality, it will be interpreted in very strange ways: the bowels of the earth, or, as has been suggested in the past—the sun, due to the crematorium imagery associated with hell. Such imagery does convey the denial of survival as found in Homer and the early Sheol. The image of fire, it might be argued, is often used in the Old Testament when referring to a victorious God, and in the New Testament when referring to Christ's victory, Pentecost. On the other hand, this image can also be used when dealing with the wicked as a sign of destruction and of God's Judgment simultaneously, such as in II Peter 2:6: "The cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, these too he condemned and reduced to ashes; he destroyed them completely, as a warning to anybody lacking reverence in the future." Fire, then, can be used figuratively as God's judgment, which is his victory, and hell is God's judgment upon man—perhaps man's judgment upon himself: destruction, annihilation, nonexistence. The original concept of Sheol persists rather than that of Hades with its consequent personal immortality. Hell is the grave of nonexistence.

Perhaps this is why the author of Genesis and Paul emphatically associate sin with death and why they polarize life and death—because the refusal of salvation means the end of survival. The author of I John writes: "Anyone who does the will of God remains for ever" (2:17). According to II Peter 2:12-13, the wicked are no more than animals and can expect no more: "All the same, these people who only insult anything that they do not understand are not reasoning beings, but simply animals born to be caught and killed, and they will quite certainly destroy themselves by their own work of destruction, and get their reward of evil for the evil they do."

Immortality in the New Testament, it appears, is not a premise of life but rather a promise of survival for the just. The Good News is an invitation to a new life which transcends time and offers a new mode of existence for those who accept the invitation. But the man who chooses to live like an animal—for the limitations of this world—at the same time chooses to die like an animal; he chooses the finality of death rather than the gift of immortality which will be bestowed. For those who refuse the invitation, as related by Mt. 25:29, Mk. 4:25, and Lk.8:18, even what they have will be taken away. Just as here and now man is privileged to share in God's creation, in the hereafter it is possible for him to share in God's immortality. That death is the end of survival is not a comforting thought for those who say that we live only once, and then live accordingly, but they may be right. Christianity does, indeed, have an existential aspect, that of nonbeing for those who deny and withdraw from the divine plan.

At the other extreme are those who propose that all men survive, a proposition that leads them into the Limbo syndrome and other theological fiction. The proponents of orthodox hell fail to see the literary quality of Mt. 25:31-46, which they are so fond of quoting. Along with the element of surprise expressed by both the sheep and the goats, as well as the be-prepared message, the entire passage has a note of irony: eternal punishment could very well mean eternal nonexistence for those who neglected their brethren. Christ is preaching that man should take pity on the less fortunate, *not* punish them, that is, make *life* more meaningful for the hungry and thirsty, the stranger, the sick, and the imprisoned. In other words, the goats did not give life and, therefore, life will be taken away. Throughout the New Testament Christ not only preaches the value of life but even raises the dead to life. He does not move mountains, He does not take life away, He gives life abundantly and eschatologically. To interpret the passage literally would lead one to believe that the just will be turned into sheep and the unjust into goats. That familiar visible objects are used to express invisible truths is characteristic of the New Testament, but one further ironic note is that the term *tragedy* is derived from the Greek word for *goat*.

If such is the case, that is, that Scripture, in general, does not view man's nature as immortal and that hell is primarily a figurative expression for death's destruction of the unjust, why did the doctrine of hell develop?

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Such a statement does not question the fact that God *desires* all men to be saved, but it does not presume that all men are saved. It merely affirms that "conditional immortality" is more harmonious with Scripture, and that the doctrine of universal salvation is more in accord with Platonism and Neoplatonism.

For many people, some philosophers included, hell answers a need of the human imagination—a sort of Santa Claus in reverse. The concept of Sheol changed in the later writings of the Old Testament, after all, as soon as man began to think in terms of retribution, that is, primarily in terms of himself. Who among the righteous doesn't like to see the unjust get punished with some equity? And if not in this life, why not in the next? Such a view, however, is not compatible with the New Testament, which invites man to life and to love. As Gabriel Marcel says, "To love a being is to say, 'Thou, thou shalt not die!' "

Another element that might have contributed to the traditional Christian concept of hell can be found in the Roman world. Just as intrinsic immortality was a premise in a major part of Greek philosophy, justice was a primary virtue among the Romans, particularly when Christianity began to thrive. Since the early Christians were primarily Greek or at least Hellenized, they were predisposed to accepting concepts of order and placing order into their lives. And the Roman world, with its juridical concepts, particularly with emphasis upon obedience and attendant rewards and punishments, helped place order in their concept of life. This frame of mind found its chief spokesman for strict rewards and punishments during the third century in Tertullian. The wedding of these two minds—the philosophical Greek and judicial Roman—might well have brought about the theological symmetry of heaven and hell: if the good soul is rewarded, then the bad soul is punished. To confirm their belief in justice for the unjust, the Romans merely had to pick up Virgil's *Aeneid* and read about the blessed in Elysium and the damned in Tartarus, which was surrounded by fire and overflowing with the panic of punishment. Perhaps they should have picked up Lucretius, who says, "He who exists not, cannot become miserable." Nevertheless, the theological symmetry was firmly established and the problem of what happens to the bad immortal soul was solved. As a result, retribution in the afterlife became a significant and orthodox element in Christianity.

During the Middle Ages, at times, theologians and painters became obsessed with doling out punishments for the damned—some going so far as to say that part of the happiness and bliss of the saved consisted in seeing the torments of the unsaved. So while hell became a concrete reality in the minds of Christians, it also became a moral deterrent as well as a theological detergent. The best minds in Christendom, it seems, did not question the existence of hell, or if they did, failed to put their thoughts on paper. Augustine Christianized the principle of intrinsic immortality at the beginning of the Middle Ages, and eight hundred years later Aquinas did so again. The culmination of medieval speculation on the rewards and punishments of the afterlife was left to Dante, whose *Divine Comedy* is the perfection of theological symmetry.

During the Reformation, Roman Catholics in general held to the theory that hell was equally a place and a state, whereas many Protestants believed that hell was more a state than a place. The latter position, while not always met with favor by Protestants, has gradually won popular support by most Christian theologians. As a result, the pain of sense has all but disappeared, and with it has vanished God's vindictive punishment. The sense of loss, that is, the loss of God's friendship and fellowship, is viewed today primarily in terms of psychology: anxiety, loneliness, and frustration—the lack of fulfillment. Scripturally, however, the sense of loss should go one step further: the unjust man's moral catastrophe is one of nonexistence, not only the isolation from man and God, but the utter alienation from all forms of life. The New Testament, after all, is a testimony of immortality for only the just. For those who achieve it, the afterlife should be conceived as existence transcending one's historical experience. The afterlife is the consummation of history wherein one shares Christ's glorified humanity.

Man's desire for immortality, consequently, is a hope for some, a wish for others; immortality is a promise, not a premise. Man's desire was and is fulfilled in Christ's glorified humanity. The achievement of time, fortunately, is not a hell-enized immortality for the unjust but rather, as Rev. 21:4 states, a mode of existence where "there will be no more death, and no more mourning or sadness. The world of the past has gone."

SR. ELLEN MURPHY

THE FIRST THAW

Snow ascends invisibly. Mild air
releases from hard white stars moist
shimmering atmosphere. The sun warmly
drawing its bright breath. Ascensions everywhere

begin with death; have begun where the sun lifts
white patch by patch from black woods into clouds
(envision saints into heaven like doves). On the slope
sharp-lobed hepatica stirs. And snow-trillium shifts

fallen wet oak leaves; lifts living white
petals through crusts of old snow. ('A man lives
his way into the boundless') Remember that earth
is dust struck with light into flower. And hope.

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GETTING BUSTED IN NEW YORK

Night court is easily the greatest show in town

PHIL TRACY

Unless you have New York down pat, finding 100 Centre Street is a challenge in itself. Its obscurity serves as a screening process, weeding out the faint-hearted or merely curious from the desperate. The easiest way to get to nightcourt is to cross a cop or break the law—a quaint and often meaningless distinction—in which case the police will offer to personally escort you. For the others—brother, lover, mother or friend—the journey is more uncertain. The surrounding neighborhood is a labyrinth of nameless streets while the nearest subway stop is practically a state secret. The odds are against most travelers making it the first time around. Not that it really matters. You're never too late for night court.

Judge Hoffman, one of a stable of rotating ringmasters, runs what is easily the greatest show in town. It has all the ingredients of great entertainment—tragedy, hope, pathos, and humor. If you're lucky enough to be only a spectator, you can sit all night and watch a succession of two-minute acts. The quality of the show sometimes falters, but its breadth and variety cannot be matched. The clowns, the beauties, the tight-rope walkers, the lion-tamers are all there in one form or another. It's just a matter of adjusting your vision to see through a very thin veneer. In the end it's a sad show, but most good shows are sad ones, and a tiny bit of nausea is little enough price to pay for such high entertainment.

The first person to catch your eye is a red-headed kid, maybe seventeen, who looks as if he comes from Fort Greene or maybe Flatbush and plans to join the Marines the first chance he gets. You can't hear the particulars because the legal aide attorney and the prosecutor are always agreeing to waive the public reading of the cop's complaint. Nonetheless, the gist of the matter is that the boy's been busted for smoking pot in some park. The cop who arrested him is a black man who is wearing a hip-length suede car coat that must have cost a hundred bucks if it cost a cent. The boy's entire outfit doesn't look like it was worth over forty dollars the day he bought it. A nice example of role reversal all around. The good Judge starts talking about "responsibility to society" and how the young man's parents should be in court. He threatens to can him for the night but the kid seems somewhere else so the Judge lets him go with an "I'm giving you an opportunity to become a model, useful citizen." The accused is conspicuously unimpressed with the offer and walks out of the courtroom with his mind still wandering down some far more joyful alley.

The young man who follows cuts a more familiar figure. Sixteen, black, a packet of heroin found in his pocket and a silly grin on his face. Since there are no needle marks on his arm he's saved from Governor Rockefeller's drug treatment program, described by a frank court attendant as "prison with white sheets and a couple of doctors." Flunking the program's admission standards is a break, since mere possession is a misdemeanor which usually brings ninety days or a suspended sentence, while the Governor's program is good for one to three years depending on how many beds are available at any given time. The Judge doesn't offer the opportunity to become a model citizen to this one, perhaps fearing the silly grin might transform into cosmic laughter. Instead, he badgers the boy's mother, who has shown up with her brood of three and a sad-eyed sister, about keeping the child home after eleven and the danger of drugs. At one point, the Judge turns to the boy and inquires whether he would care to spend the next four years of his life behind bars, a question which demonstrates precisely the level of inquiry conducted in *this* hall of justice. The answer is inaudible though doubtlessly negative and the Judge proceeds to offer some observations on the need for clarity of speech. He fails to understand that for people from a world dominated by shouts and screams a whisper is a sign of respect. Eventually the boy is sent home in the custody of his aunt, perhaps as some final disrespect to the mother. No explanation is given.

Shortly after this the Judge calls a recess and in the interim the courtroom fills up with thirty or so teenagers all dressed in lace and bells and beads and such. A few are presumed to be male. One's first assumption is that some East Village commune suffered a bust, but it turns out to be a senior class in American Democracy from Wingate High School. Mr. Benson, thirty, pock-faced, with a proclivity for calling the kids "boys and girls," ushers them into back seats and promises that after the next recess the Judge will meet with them in his chambers. This honor is greeted with a mixture of giggles and smirks. With the perfect timing of a seasoned per-

PHIL TRACY, *whose reports on various West Coast phenomena have appeared in these pages recently, is a New York writer.*

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former the Judge returns, Loretta Young style, just before the suspense starts slipping into boredom.

The acts follow each other in neat succession. Pot busts are the most common among whites. Smack and assault seem favored by the blacks and Puerto Ricans. Gambling is the special preserve of the Chinese. There are one or two cases of foul-mouth citizen versus wiseass cop, with the cop winning the first round even when the citizen gets to go home. But they are the exceptions, and as the whole evening begins to take on a pattern you notice how hard Judge Hoffman must work to make it entertaining. He's a short man with thin grey hair and his robes hang heavy, more like burlap than silk. He's got a sense of humor, chilled with all the prejudices you ever ran away from. His conduct in court would drive the average civil liberties lawyer up four walls. A marital breakup is consigned to Family Court for the morning while the husband is consigned to the Tombs for the night with $2500 on his head; a sympathetic gesture to an irate wife's request. He does it with a smile straight out of Judge Bean in Wild Bill Hickok. Three Jewish kids with last names of Millnick, Butcher and Blum are brought up before him on a pot charge. The Judge queries, "Are they the accused or the counsel in this case?" Later, a defense lawyer asks if "Your Honor would consider a lower bail?" "Sure I'll consider lower bail. I won't give it to him, but I'll certainly consider it!"

The Pat O'Brien Bit

It's a poor, slovenly jerk from Staten Island who drives a truck around Queens for a living and for recreation plays Houdini with silver from some Catholic church's poor box, however, to whom the Judge's choicest lines are addressed. Rogue and scoundrel are among the nicer names the gentleman is called. The Judge does his Pat O'Brien bit complete with a reference to the stealing of food from the mouths of starving children, ending with a jab at the lowliness of someone who would swipe a poor box. As a defense, the legal aid lawyer counters that his client has not been accused of stealing the poor box, but only the contents within it. At this the whole court breaks up, Judge Hoffman included. He sets bail and with eyes raised towards heaven wishes the accused better luck at his trial.

It's much later and two worlds away when all the seedy side shows give way to the main event. The bailiff reads a name and a five-foot bundle of black defiance, age fifteen, casually strolls up to the bench, quickly joined by his mother and older brother. This one *has* needle marks on his arm and was caught selling the stuff in front of a high school. The mother and the brother beg, just beg, to take the kid home with them, to keep him out of jail. Any kind of bail will be too much for these people so it has to be custody. The Judge vacillates, caught between it all, but after a few moments of toughness he crumbles and you know the kid is going home to shoot and sell on some last rooftop. The Judge only has a few minutes to halt a life-long plunge and he uses them the only way he knows how. He shouts. "You're a fool! You think this is bad, it's nothing! You're up for your life. I'm not talking about jail—that'll end. I'm talking about crawling around in the mud gutter ready to do anything for dope." The shouting shifts to pure pleading. "Fifteen, sixteen, your whole life in front of you. Keep it up! You'll break your mother's heart, you'll go to hell and back again and never know the reason why. Go on home and kiss the ground your mother walks upon and try somehow to straighten yourself out."

And you see the kid never hear a word of it, and the Judge sees, but the mother is crying and the brother is begging and he sends them out into the night with his own special kind of blessing and suddenly the circus is over and you know this is the very poorest kind of show. You see it for what it is, for the endless nights of endless failures and the need to somehow keep going, and suddenly that Judge can't be paid enough because he, like the cop, does our dirtiest work. The poor bastard sits where the flakes from our special brand of social pollution finally settle and the line between the solid citizen and the social deviant is as thin as the trip wire on a booby trap, and no one's equipped to do the Judge's job. You wish the kids from Wingate with their razor-blade remarks had caught this act but they've all gone home and there's no one left but the Judge and the judged. He probably got here through the pull of some fifth-rate political hack and God only knows how many favors, but New York could do a lot worse for what it's asking and for what it's willing to pay.

After this the show turns sour. Another break and back again and the Judge has circles under his eyes. Now the late-night crop is coming in, and as if everyone has sensed the subtle shift, the voices of prosecutor and counsel take on a droning quality. Streetwalkers, gamblers, pawnshop owners, and the users, the addicts —always the dope. Fifteen men picked up for loitering at the Port Authority Bus Terminal—a crackdown by Lindsay in response to the *New York Times*. Understandable if not terribly just. A guilty plea brings a suspended sentence. Three hookers from the Bronx are brought up and the prosecutor and counsel argue bail for twenty minutes. When it is finally set at fifteen hundred, the lawyer slips a roll of bills bigger than most yearly salaries out of his pocket.

Just plain weariness sets in and you finally leave the court with assurances from the guard that the show is good till four o'clock at a minimum, this being a busy night. You go out into the snow which started falling in the early evening. It melts as it hits the ground. It doesn't leave a trace.

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STOREY THEATER

THE STAGE

Now that David Storey has taken on shape and substance for me, I would like to take another look at *This Sporting Life*. When I saw Lindsay Anderson's 1963 film, for which Storey did the screenplay based on his own novel, it came as just another of those English movies about sad, grimy life in provincial industrial towns—*Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, *The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner*—in which the toughness and realism were tinged with sentimentality and soap opera. Since the film was made, Storey, the novelist, has become a playwright, the most impressive one to turn up in the English theater since those early angry days when John Osborne, John Arden and Harold Pinter emerged. When I was in England in May, I saw two of his plays—*The Contractor*, in the best production I saw in London, and *In Celebration*, in a less happy production in Salisbury. The potential for sentimentality is still there, but these two plays, again in provincial settings, do not cluck over their characters as *This Sporting Life* seemed to do. What Storey has done in both instances is to establish a revelatory occasion, gather the characters and set them talking, uncovering in the course of the play the emptiness and pain in the characters and, at the same time, positing their solidarity, the force that sustains them. The means to these two ends are the words the characters speak, apparently random, often funny talk which establishes a stage reality that gives the plays their strength.

Storey is now making his American debut with *Home*, his most recent play. For the press, it is an occasion not so much for Storey's sake but because those two redoubtable English knights, John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson, are back on the American stage together for the first time since that lamentable *The School for Scandal* they brought over in 1962. This time they are superb, but since I like to think of the arrival of *Home* as the Storey hour, I want to look first at the play. On the face of it, *Home* appears to be a departure for Storey, for in this play he is very much in the Beckett-Pinter tradition. Yet, the jump from the working-class living room of *In Celebration* to the almost bare stage of *Home* is not so great as it seems. The action is minimal in the earlier plays—in *In Celebration*, an offstage anniversary dinner, in *The Contractor*, the raising and striking of a tent for a wedding that takes place between the acts—and the drama lives in the lines. The occasional rhetoric of the earlier plays gives way in *Home* to simple sentences—more often fragments—but there is still a family resemblance between this play and the ones that preceded it.

Set in the "reception wing" of a madhouse, *Home* consists of several interlocking conversations. First, Harry and Jack, genteel middle-class types, talk to one another, touching obliquely on their present situation, conjuring youthful ambitions long unfulfilled, returning again and again to the decline in values (everything from Christmas to canes has gone down in quality). They move off to make way for Marjorie and Kathleen, lower-class women, coarser, heartier, but involved, in a more accusatory way, in a similar patient circling of self. At the end of the act, the men present themselves, in a very courtly manner, and offer to escort the ladies to lunch. In the second act, the partners are shuffled, each man does a conventional turn with one of the women. Although comfortless comfort is offered (Kathleen gives her hand to the crying Harry), the men become a little paler, a little more uncertain, a little less in control faced with the more vigorous women. The two couples join for a half-hearted foursome and then the two women go off together, rather disappointed ("Try and make something. What you get for it?"), leaving the stage to the two men, whose lines dwindle to words and then to nothing. They finish the play together, yet separate, each staring out over the audience. A fifth character, a younger man, who may have had a lobotomy, wanders through the second act, doing exercises with the furniture; although he manages to clear the stage for Harry and Jack at the end of the play, I am not convinced that he is necessary to it.

Sprinkled through the various conversations are biographical notes, but none of the information ever sticks to a character. In the best Pinter tradition, the information is contradictory, elusive, unverified. The characters are fully realized, but only within the bounds of their assertions, their responses, their hesitations. All four characters hide behind their words—the polite exchanges of the men, the falsely cheerful banter of the women. The conflict of the two styles finally exposes the men and leaves them staring figures of desolation. Remembering the ambiguous ends of the earlier plays, I am tempted to find some consolation in the shapes of the men themselves, but the movement of the play seems to belie it.

So, too, does the suggestion that *Home* has a social point to make. "It must have all had meaning then," Jack says at one point, a line that is easily applicable to the characters as men, but which seems also to refer to England. They regularly call up the great names (Drake, Nelson, Raleigh: "Lost his head, you know"), the achievements of the past, and, at one point, in the discussion about whether or not the Garden of Eden might have been in Gloucester, they even suggest that the island was once paradisal. Near the end of the play, in an extended reprise of English invention, English fame, Harry becomes specific, "Shan't see its like. . . . The sun has set," although the second of these phrases elicits a response from Jack that immediately turns the line un-

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metaphorical. It is presumably because of the Empire overtones of the piece that the Royal Court production, repeated at the Morosco here, added a white flagpole to the setting of a play that demanded nothing on stage but a table and some chairs. Even if the play be given a political dimension, if *Home* be taken in all its ramifications, the play seems less imaginative, less serious finally, than *The Contractor*. Which is not to suggest that it is an easy finger exercise, a simple imitation of Beckett and Pinter. It is a carefully made play in which lines and references double back on themselves, are introduced by a character only to be borrowed by another and used differently, returning as familiar faces in new disguises. More important, the bits and pieces of talk become handholds by which the performer can pull himself up and stand on stage, a character emotionally conceived.

When the performers are as expert as Richardson and Gielgud, the emergence of Jack and Harry seems deceptively simple. Although Lindsay Anderson's production is generally excellent and Dandy Nichols and Mona Washbourne are fine as the two women, it is the two actors who deserve the greatest praise. For me, Richardson is the more impressive of the two, his voice, his eyes, his body playing with the nuances of almost nonexistent lines, suggesting with each approach that he might at any minute break and run if there were any place to run to. That performance, however, is the more effective in that he has Gielgud to play to. Gielgud's Harry is rigid, physically and verbally, suggesting, even when he goes to tears, that he is constantly on guard, a vulnerable rock; around him weaves Richardson, a reed bent by chance and inclination. I do not mean to suggest that there is anything obvious in this contrast, nor to imply that the two actors are doing virtuoso star turns. Almost imperceptively, they play against one another, heightening the style of both and suggesting that the two characters, drawn together by certain likenesses, are finally different at heart—in their madnesses, which means in response to a world that has slipped their grasp. Everything that they do serves the playwright's cause and that, I suppose, is why *Home* is easily the best theater to reach New York this season.

GERALD WEALES

Roman Catholic Modernism

Edited by Bernard M. G. Reardon

Roman Catholic modernism was a current of thought that began in the 1890's and deeply affected the Church for some 20 years. From the writings of the leaders of the movement—men like Loisy, Tyrrell, Von Hügel, Blondel—the editor has chosen extracts that crystallize the motives of the writers and by their intensity convey the urgent atmosphere of the struggle. An extensive Introduction explains in detail the nature, aims, and developments of the movement. *A Library of Modern Religious Thought.*

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ROSES FOR YOU

Still closed
in your hands,

your room
and blue vase,

stems cut,
a hurting,

in warm
water they

unfold
softer than

touch, each
opening

shedding
a brightness:

in one
day, those who

see them
can take on,

moments,
their colors.

You gave
this to me.

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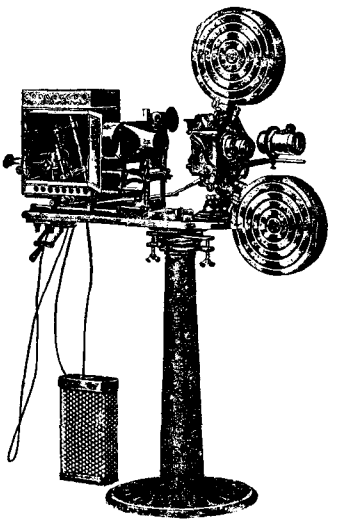

TECHNIQUES OF TRICKERY

The Hollywood Hallucination

BILL NICHOLS

FEW HAVE ever dared claim the Hollywood film to be a naturalistic or realistic mode of expression and yet there is a constant preoccupation among Hollywood film-makers with giving their films a veneer of authenticity and credibility. The Hollywood film-maker's ambition is to create a magic show that seems to be "the way it is." For decades now there has been a virtually annual process of applying the most fashionable techniques for appearing to deal with pressing reality to the same old illusions and dreams. Sound, color, cinemascope, portable equipment: all were heralded by Hollywood as technical innovations for bringing the cinema into closer touch with reality itself.

Today this process tends to become confused with another, more significant, movement attempting to discover a genuine synthesis of the Lumière/Méliès polarity: factual, photographic documentation and artistic stylization which directors like Penn, Watkins, Cassavetes and Godard have already begun. The confusion arises because the techniques thought fashionable by the proliferating scores of directors weaned at the Glass Teat are often bastardized versions of methods arising from this latter exploration and, in any case, share the apparently equivalent goal of capturing physical reality on film—apparent because the pragmatic, i.e., box office, concern of the Hollywood trickster is not to present us with the essential nature of actual events or processes but to give us an alienated semblance of real experience, devoid of being (significance).

The distinction is important because it has become popular to say that Hollywood's most recent fashions are due to the influence of the direct cinema documentary (cinéma vérité) whereas these fashions are a blatant, conscious exploitaton of documentary principles, creating *false* appearances that deliberately camouflage or distort the essence beneath appearance rather than reveal it. The Hollywood film-maker seeks techniques that appear to heighten credibility, make characters authentic, action plausible and emotional involvement genuine; but the techniques are used at the expense of the medium's capacity to disclose a thing's essence by presenting its appearance. Indeed, the Hollywood trickster replaces essence with magic, myth and dream—black magic, bankrupt myths and impossible dreams. Sometimes, in characters who openly embody the Hollywood hallucination (the John Wayne hero, George C. Scott's Patton) the magic works: there is solid rapport between the film-maker and his material. But when characters and situations are antithetical to his wishful dreams, the Hollywood trickster has no recourse but to falsify and exploit, as fraudulent films like *Getting Straight, The Grasshopper, Medium Cool,* and even the pseudo-documentary *Woodstock* testify: here, the tension lies *between* the film-maker and his material; there is no rapport, only distortion.

Manipulations of both sound and image are used to maintain a fashionable air of credibility. Background music, for example, has changed markedly. A 40's war movie or a 50's western had a strong orchestral accompaniment to arouse and heighten our emotional involvement: the mounting swells of tense, excited music in John Ford's *The Searchers,* for example, were as clear a foreshadowing of the concluding massacre of "bad" Indians as the square-jawed determination of the hero, John Wayne. By the late 60's, however, such scores were more the exception. The music itself had become less a part of everyday experience and hence an all too obvious seduction of the emotions. As a result the police confrontations in *Medium Cool, Getting Straight,* and *The Strawberry Statement* are accompanied by sickeningly vivid sound effects but are without background music.

Like *Chicago, '68,* a stunning documentary on the Democratic convention, or the 6 o'clock news, recent Hollywood films let violence speak for itself, unsupported by tempestuous musical scores. Violent events, however, like most other phenomena, are not allowed to reveal their essential relationship to a broader context of social reality: in each of the three films just named police violence is a backdrop for a fictitious love story; its role is to threaten the characters' relationships, to fill a conventional need in plot development—the heightening of tension. Hence, there is no discovery of essence beneath appearance, only the discovery of distortion and exploitation beneath a mask woven of virtuoso stylistics and wish-fulfillment dreams. (The latter two films even have stunt coordinators as choreographers of violence!)

Music, though, plays an extremely vital role in establishing the general

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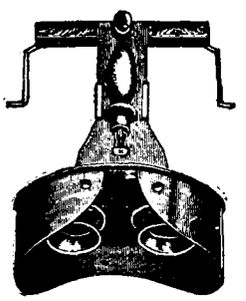
tone of a film, and so the tricksters turned to a new ploy: the voice-over operetta—pop tunes sung off-screen, often by leading entertainers. Since at least *The Graduate* every "now" film has had at least one song that sets the tone and promotes a certain relationship to the characters: *Easy Rider, Midnight Cowboy, The Moonshine War, The Grasshopper,* the continuous song track of *The Strawberry Statement*—the list is endless.

Even more than the camera techniques discussed next, the voice-over operetta is a fraudulent way of revealing a character's being. The desire to do so goes beyond artistic necessity where we need only be convinced of a dramatic role. The operetta is an attempt to make tangible, accessible to our senses, a character's sensibilities, his basic world-view and relationship to experience; it tries to infuse the being behind the role with life itself, as a person playing himself would do. But as Godard and a few other modern directors understand, we cannot take life from elsewhere and graft it onto a character. It must spring from the dialect between the actor as a person and as a character. The voice-over operetta is Hollywood's attempt to find an easy way of "taking" life, aurally, and "giving" it to a character. Only rarely since René Clair and Ernst Lubitsch have directors successfully used song as a direct emanation of a character's being (Goddard's *Pierrot le Fou* is one example, while most recent musicals present further problems of artificiality—the performer whose songs are part of a show routine, for example). The voice-over operetta can never be more than a cheap trick and easy crowd-pleaser whose very nature militates against the effect it is designed to achieve.

The pretense of representing the thing itself is even more apparent in today's "fashionable" camera techniques. For the direct cinema filmmaker, zoom lenses framed the action; rapid, jerky movements brought it into view and continual readjustments of focus kept it before our eyes. In fiction films these transitions (zooms, jerky movements, focusing) had almost always been edited out, whereas the documentary film-maker learned to leave them in for a purpose: he wanted a continuous recording that left no question of editing-room trickery. He sought to capture the actual event, as it occurred, including both his adjustments, however awkward, to the events and those unexpected, unplanned moments when his presence prompted an alteration in the event or person that led to essential insights. (*Don't Look Back, Le Joli Mai*



and *High School* all contain examples of this expectation fulfilled.) Championed by Leacock-Pennebaker, Chris Marker, Frederick Wiseman and others, cinéma-vérité created a new esthetic of immersion in real, spontaneous events that were then returned to us, undoctored, in the film document.

In fiction films these devices no longer serve their original purpose. The techniques no longer document natural phenomena nor enhance a fictional stylization but serve to induce credibility by means of a false equation: fictional reconstruction = reality itself. The pirouetting camera and ceaseless zooms in *The Strawberry Statement*, the incessant blurring in and out of focus in *Getting Straight* are not used to cope with real events and serve only to give an artificial aura of documentation to staged ones. (Barbed wire in the foreground, alienated hero in the background; softly swaying grass up close, romantic lovers beyond — these have already become change-of-focus clichés.)

As stylistic techniques, wrenched from context, these camera tricks are equally bankrupt. Change-of-focus montage lacks the richness and density of deep-focus montage where different planes can be as carefully arranged as in a painting, simultaneously. To an even greater degree, it lacks the elements of tension and dynamics present in editorial montage, where separate shots can be joined to create an effect not present in any one of them (as in the climactic battle in *The Wild Bunch*). Hence, films like *Getting Straight* rely on basically flabby stylistics to treat situations with great inherent tension. Instead of contributing an element of documentation the techniques simply add another layer of artifice.

There are other non-technical conventions that go to create the false appearances necessary to the Hollywood hallucination: moral bookkeeping, for example, which today means that a black militant "happens" to be a rapist (*Tick, Tick, Tick*) or a hate-filled window-smasher (*Getting Straight*) so that the hero can ignore his radical rhetoric without compromise. Together with the technical devices discussed here they represent little more than a sleight-of-hand reshuffling of Hollywood's pretensions to "tell it like it is." On the other hand the faltering efforts at a fusion of natural phenomena and contrived ones in *Faces, Medium Cool, War Games, Alice's Restaurant* and, above all, in Godard's earlier films, indicate that there are serious artists willing to explore the implications of film's dual role as recorder of real events and portrayer of fabricated ones. For this exploration to affect the average Hollywood film, however, far greater attention must be paid to the relationship of actor/character to actor/person; director to actor; director to film and film to life. The techniques and conventions for representing phenomena on film are a minor matter by comparison, and as long as the Hollywood tricksters *want* the appearance of natural phenomena and not their essence, the possibility of a significantly, and not merely fashionably, new Hollywood film will remain remote at best.

BILL NICHOLS *is a California writer specializing in film criticism.*

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BOOKS

Religion and science: from confrontation to accommodation

Religion and the Scientific Future

LANGDON GILKEY

Harper & Row, $5.95

JULIAN PLEASANTS

You have to read this book twice, once to get the continuity of the analysis, and once to get the value of the footnotes, which are all in the back. But it's worth the effort. Though the word "myth" does not appear as such in the title, the book is a defense of the necessity of myth, a revelation of the places where myths operate in a scientific culture, and a comparison of the effects of some scientific and religious myths. Gilkey's best contribution is in revealing the mythical character of the scientist's basic assumptions: his necessary assumption that it is possible and good to know; his gratuitous assumption that it is sufficient to know. These belong to visions of the future which are simply unprovable, and therefore myths.

His first point, however, in this integrated collection of four lectures, is his cheerful, grateful acceptance of the way science has destroyed one kind of religious myth: those stories of man's origin and future which claimed to be literal descriptions of past events and detailed predictions of future events. So many of these became incredible in the light of scientific findings about the world's origins, that their role as historical accounts could not be maintained. This has in fact freed man from the strait-jacket of literal myth, and has salvaged the value of myth itself, which comes from its open-endedness. This is its advantage over metaphysics, or history, or science. But this open-endedness is a somewhat negative, or rather, potential value of myth. Its positive value is the meaning it gives to life—an explanation for the evils of life—a reassurance about man's future. This kind of thing is what keeps men going as men, or scientists as scientists.

It is at this point that Gilkey demonstrates the mythical—because unprovable—assumptions of the scientist that the universe makes sense and that it is a good thing to understand it. These are apparently what he would call good myths. The bad myths, a sort of illegitimate offspring of science, are the original forms of evolutionism and of Marxism. These he easily disposes of, since history has already disposed of the myth of inevitable progress and the myth of the inevitable triumph of the proletariat. And the same biology which had provided some grounds for a myth of inevitable progress, soon turned up enough evidence to cast doubt on its inevitability. The new bad myths that Gilkey attacks are their successors, those which see man-directed evolution as the savior: if blind evolution cannot be counted on to take us onward and upward, man can now direct his own cultural, and even his biological evolution, to undreamed of heights.

It is here that Gilkey sees the battle joined, between a utopian, science-fiction view of man, and the realist view of man provided by the traditional religious myths. In this realist view, man is a fallen creature, incapable of full self-mastery, and dependent on the grace which comes from an acknowledgment of his weakness. But it is in supporting this particular myth that Gilkey is weakest. He had cheerfully accepted the fact that science destroyed the *form* of religious myths, their literal strait-jacket. But he has not realized that science has changed the *substance* of the religious myths about man's origin, nature, and destiny. If it is no longer possible to believe in a literal Fall of Man, it is even less possible to believe in a world where evil represents the punishment wreaked on man and world by a deity scorned. If myth is the answer to a mystery, then the mystery of evil is not where Gilkey thinks it is. The evolutionary scientist does not see the evil in the world, or man's inner conflicts and lack of self-mastery as a mystery. These are exactly what he would expect if the world and man had evolved, and were evolving.

The mystery lies rather where Darwin saw it to lie: how could a loving God choose a means of creation (evolution) so cruel that its operations would seem like a punishment to pre-scientific man? Scientific man cannot regard those effects as punishment, because he sees that the pattern was established before there was anything to punish. But this makes the idea of a just and loving God even more difficult, and in fact, this is why Darwin lost his faith. It takes the resurrection of Jesus Christ, as an event, not a myth, to make it possible to think of a God who loves the individual as well as the species, the person as well as the process.

The whole function of religion as we are used to it has depended on the myth of the Fall and of grace. But evolutionary science has made the myth incredible, and in so doing, has turned the function of religion upside down. Religion is no longer the means by which man can placate an angry God. It is the means by which God can placate an angry man. Job may have simply bowed in admiration at the power and freedom of a God whose justice he could not accept. But man come of age, man more conscious of his own identity, more aware of and more sensitive to the identities of other men cannot so easily accept the injustices and inequities of the world, even when he has little to complain of in his own life.

The burden of proof is, therefore, on God to convince man of His love, to convince man that love is at the heart of the universe, that evil and death are not the punishments of an

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angry, unjust God. And God accepted that burden. It is an event, the death of God's Son, which destroys the idea of death as punishment, and an event, the resurrection of that same Son, which restores the possibility of believing in a God who is just and loving. As Gilkey does not seem to appreciate sufficiently the role of revolutionary facts in changing scientific preconceptions, so he does not seem to appreciate sufficiently the role of the Christ *event* in changing religious preconceptions (myths).

Gilkey foresees, and I do not disagree with him, that the myth of utopian, man-directed evolution will be continually betrayed by man's inner weakness and conflicts, his inability to do what he sees he should do, his inability even to see what he should do when unconscious self-seeking is involved. But Gilkey seems to hope that the scientific culture, after enough betrayals of its dream, will come back to religion and its myth of the Fall and of grace, and say: yours is the better myth; you have discovered the *real* human being. That is Gilkey's myth. But I don't think it describes the scientific future or the religion that can meet its challenge. I do not see the scientific and the religious views of man so far apart as Gilkey's myth of the Fall would put them.

Evolutionary science partakes more of the character of myth than Gilkey realizes, for it credits the existing world to events, a specific sequence of events, and not to the imposition of universal forms upon a recalcitrant matter. The scientific view of man is not inimical to a realistic view of man's existing limitations. Its response to those limitations may be at least as creative as a myth of Fall and guilt and divine anger, and of grace obtained by rituals of obeisance. Evolutionary science can even be open to the Christ-event as a decisive turn in cultural history, one which can continue to maintain human life at a higher level of consciousness, of the self and of others. Man's discovery, through Jesus Christ, that love is at the heart of the universe, that love is meant to succeed, can free the creative potential of love within man.

I see no confrontation, therefore, but further accommodation between the scientific and religious views of man. That is my myth. This book is a fine example of how far that accommodation has come. It also reveals the power of the old myths, both on the scientific and on the religious side, to resist the next stage of accommodation.

The Driver's Seat

MURIEL SPARK

Knopf, $4.95

LINDA KUEHL

Muriel Spark is contemporary Anglo-Saxon sister to the *crème de la crème* of malevolent novelists, Henri de Montherlant. Like him, she wrote a novel called *The Bachelors*; he had written *Pity the Women* and *The Girls*, while she had done *The Girls of Slender Means* and *The Group*. Her *Memento Mori* and *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* come closer to his fiction, however, since here she focuses upon isolated, eccentric characters. With the distant amusement not unlike his, she peers down from her authorial height at the least comely aspects of human nature, reassured, it would seem, by its perversity.

In keeping with this malevolent tradition, in fact, going beyond it, Muriel Spark's latest tale, *The Driver's Seat*, icily observes a spinster, Lise, who is from "the North"—probably England—and off to "the South"—probably Italy. Few facts are known for sure: "She might be as young as twenty-nine or as old as thirty-six, but hardly younger, hardly older. . . . She is neither good-looking nor bad-looking." You do know for sure, though, that she is traveling South to find a depraved male who will stab and strangle her to death.

This fact Miss Spark confirms on page 25 where she forecasts the crime: "She will be found tomorrow morning dead from multiple stab-wounds, her wrists bound with a silk scarf and her ankles bound with a man's necktie, in the grounds of an empty villa, in a park of the foreign city to which she is traveling." Given such information so early on, one realizes the unordinary nature of the novella's suspense. Although some conventional excitement results from wondering who the murderer will be, more builds from viewing Lise's single-minded pursuit toward self-annihilation. Aghast, you watch her buy a lurid stain-resisting dress, silk scarves, neckties, a paper-knife; you watch her seek out her "type," or murderer, and attract the attention of prospective witnesses; in short, you watch her move inexorably toward the climax you anticipate. Occasional flashes to events following the crime—e.g., police interrogations, comments by witnesses—only intensify the chilling action.

As a psychological portrait, Lise represents an obsessive, psychotic, sexually hysterical female who can only achieve orgasm through mutilation and death. She emerges through a series of contrasts and parallels with other people. Gross and voluble women, for instance, laugh at her as she passes, accenting her tight-lipped bitterness. Her insect-like motions clash with the obese landlady who emits "noise like a brown container of laughing gas." Her metallic gaiety jars with the congenial Jo'burg lady she encounters in the airline terminal. On the other hand, Lise strikes a comparable figure to the lean, hawkish businessman who makes a play for her on the plane, filling her with doctrine on macrobiotic dieting and the prescription for a daily orgasm. Lise's insanity is objectified by a sick-looking passenger who compels her with his "glazed and quiet unbalanced eyes, those eyes far too wide open to signify anything but some sort of mental distance from reality."

Further revealing her character is an affinity for sterile environment. Her "meticulously neat" one-room flat—paneled in pineboard—suggests the natural habitat of a coffin. An antiseptic silver plane transports her to a depressingly functional room in a pensione. Outside, the Mediterranean terrain makes her rigidity seem far more aberrated than it did up North.

Parallels and contrasts such as these proceed—step one, step two, step three

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—like a clinical experiment, though why Miss Spark records her story with such mathematical precision remains unclear. Perhaps she was only interested in flexing novelistic method. At any rate, method is all *The Driver's Seat* has got, method used in the way modern British empiricists classify outward behavior and scrupulously avoid inner life and morality.

Speaking of morality (or its absence thereof), you sense ghoulish glee when Lise traps her pink-faced annihilator into pathetic compliance. This is not the distant amusement say, of *Memento Mori*. It's a distilled Muriel Spark, an exceedingly malevolent Hera paring her fingernails.

Between Capitalsm and Socialism: Essays in Political Economics

ROBERT L. HEILBRONER

Random House, $7.95

The Longer View: Essays Toward a Critique of Political Economy

PAUL A. BARAN

Monthly Review, $8.50

RICHARD B. Du BOFF

America, 1970. After 30 years of unparalleled economic prosperity, legal breakthroughs in civil rights, and the best enlightened Liberalism can offer us —New Deals, Fair Deals, New Frontiers, Great Societies, Wars on Poverty, Peace Corps. And what does it all add up to? Better yet, what went wrong?

Political economists like Robert Heilbroner and the late Paul Baran can readily grapple with questions like those. Most economists and political scientists cannot, and their continuing production of "small-scale research backed by large-scale grants" (Robert Engler's unforgettable phrase) becomes increasingly and grotesquely irrelevant as their country edges closer to acting out its most absurd death wishes in a theater of reality. Nobel Prize-winning economist Paul Samuelson trots out his *Economics* textbook (eighth edition, currently) in unchanged format. His concessions to the American crisis, blaringly (and deceptively) advertised by his publisher, comprise a few pages each on "economic inequality, poverty, affluence, and the quality of life," a few more on "problems [sic] of race, cities, and the polluted environment," one subordinated clause and one prepositional phrase on the New Left, and nothing on imperialism. The most cursory inspection reveals all of them put together to be nothing more than a slight alteration in trim and styling on the same old jalopy.

Heilbroner towers above most of the economics profession in social and political relevance, and many economists in turn would scorn him as a "political economist," just as they disparage John Kenneth Galbraith as a "journalist." In essays written mainly since 1966 and reprinted in the present volume, Heilbroner tells us what went wrong: Advertising, an "outrageous intrusion into private life," perpetuates the built-in injustices of market society by screening capitalist economic values across all aspects of our life. The economic system, for all its "reforms," is still inherently unstable. Wealth, income and power remain highly concentrated and their privileges irresponsibly exercised. The driving force behind our disastrous foreign policies is counter-revolution, consistently aimed against "the kinds of revolutionary actions" probably necessary to spur economic development in the poorer nations. And to top it all off, conventional economic theory has "produced singularly little" to help us sort out and comprehend this mess, either its domestic or its international ramifications.

None of this would have surprised Paul Baran, who died in 1964 after a far from carefree 15-year stint at Stanford as the only avowed Marxian social scientist on an economics faculty in these United States. Although it cannot be said that Heilbroner's essays are disjointed in book form, still they don't hang together quite so well as Baran's. The reason is that Baran maintained a more unified view of capitalism—with all the strengths and weaknesses inherent in unified views in the social sciences. Baran never wavered in his conviction that the *social relations* which gave rise to a vibrant industrial capitalism two centuries ago have long since expended their rationality, even while they continue to shape and influence the overall tenor of life in capitalist societies. Methodically running through Baran's writings is the Marxist, or perhaps neo-Marxist view that capitalism must work less and less well in developed countries, from an economic standpoint to be sure, but even more from a social and humanistic one, and that the world-wide expansion of capitalist market institutions, a result of capitalism's own feverish internal dynamics, will gradually polarize class conflict inside underdeveloped countries and cause them to break free of the Free World—the international capitalist system—by revolution.

The Longer View contains some brilliant examples of Marxian analysis at its best—a flexible, imaginative, sometimes eclectic, yet generally dependable guide to the history of man's struggle to build a more humane social order. Thus Baran's effort to incorporate in his own work the undeniably valuable contributions of "bourgeois economics," conventional historiography and Freudian psychology, without, of course, seriously altering the foundations of the theory of science, society and technology left by Marx. But his greatest single contribution was in the subject of capitalism and modern economic underdevelopment. *The Political Economy of Growth* (1957) was a landmark work which ascribed the decisive ills of today's poor countries to their economic, political, and cultural penetration and domination by Western capitalism since the 17th century. *The Longer View* contains the book's now famous precursor article, "On the Political Economy of Backwardness," a remarkable piece of work for the sterile and repressive climate of the American social sciences in 1952. It's doubtful that anyone other than a Marxist could have produced this kind of writing in the early 1950's. As it was, it took over two years and several out-of-hand rejections before Baran succeded in find-

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ing a (British) journal to publish it. But this essay is only one of 21 in *The Longer View*. Most of them make for thoughtful, sip-at-a-time reading that, if anything, gets better with age.

Readers, especially unsympathetic ones, will not fail to find rhetoric in Baran. He, like some other Marxists, was not above such lapses. Several of his arguments are too rigid, excessively lined with one-way streets. His economic reasoning is at times obscure. These faults can be even more easily perceived after sampling Heilbroner's own essays on Marxian economics and sociology, which are among the other worthy features of *Between Capitalism and Socialism*. To this day Heilbroner remains one of the few intelligent critics of modern Marxism. The benefits and costs of the Marxian way of thinking compared with others are usually given fair treatment by Heilbroner. Here too he stands head-and-shoulders above the majority of American social scientists, many of whom appear to be striving to make vulgar anti-Marxism a bigger laughing stock than vulgar Marxism.

Yet after putting down Heilbroner's collection I come away with something tugging at my mind. Baran certainly had his faults as an analyst and writer. But he leaves me with a surer feeling for the *whole* of the modern capitalist world. Things do make sense on a macro-level: the violence, social obscenities, political mindlessness, personal alienation and stupendous economic waste do tell us something other than that it was all just a series of unfortunate accidents or blunders by a few self-serving or ill-informed men. There's a grim logic in perversity and decomposition, too. And there's also an inevitable *moral commitment* flowing from it, impossible to avoid. "What we in the United States need," Baran and his collaborator Paul Sweezy concluded in their *Monopoly Capital* (1966), "is historical perspective, courage to face the facts, and faith in mankind and its future. Having these, we can recognize our moral obligation to devote ourselves to fighting against an evil and destructive system which maims, oppresses and dishonors those who live under it, and which threatens death and devastation to millions of others around the globe."

How do we fight it? Though Baran never gave a precise recipe (who can?), his revolutionary message is clear. We live under an integrated capitalist system. Entrenched systems of power have to be dismantled, in one way or another. Or, as is sometimes the case historically, somebody has to deal the death blow when the system is gravely ill of self-inflicted diseases. Ruling classes rarely administer euthanasia shots to themselves.

Heilbroner's answer (to Baran and Sweezy) is that "they do not see . . . possibilities for a long-run emergence of rationality in America, as the new elites of science and social science gradually emerge." This is a theme that he elaborated two years later in *The Limits of American Capitalism*. A kind of Schumpeterian, sociological erosion-from-within as classes of technicians and intellectuals, imbued with anti-capitalist values, take over the levers of power.

A soothing view. But it's an unrealistic one, and moral copout. Furthermore, except when confronting Marxists, Heilbroner himself knows it is. For it's on these very same grounds that he criticized Galbraith: "I am not convinced," Heilbroner wrote in reviewing Galbraith's *New Industrial State*, "by Galbraith's prescription for social reform. Surely if history teaches us anything it is the futility of appeals to the educated elite."

It is to Heilbroner, then, that we must redirect the question, "so what do we do about it?" No answer is forthcoming. As a matter of fact, Heilbroner turns out to be less morally committed than Galbraith, whom he further chastised in these words: "Galbraith's mocking irony causes him in the end to avoid a clear moral commitment with regard to the problems he raises." Physician, heal thyself. Galbraith has since come out with a call for nationalizing key sectors of the American economy, establishing social controls over private consumption and politically fracturing corporate capitalist power. But Heilbroner is still between

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REVIEWERS

JULIAN PLEASANTS is a member of the staff at Lobund Institute, University of Notre Dame, Indiana.

LINDA KUEHL is a free-lance writer and frequent contributor.

RICHARD DU BOFF is an associate professor in the Department of Economics at Bryn Mawr.

BARRY WALLENSTEIN, is lecturer in English at CCNY, is the author of *Visions and Revisions: An Approach to Poetry*.

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capitalism and socialism. In Nixon's America, that won't make it. Nor is it likely to in the foreseeable future.

The Truth of Poetry

Harcourt, Brace, $7.50

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

BARRY WALLENSTEIN

Michael Hamburger, English poet, translator, critic, and scholar, has written an extraordinary book which sets out to investigate "what makes modern poetry modern," and ends up developing a critical method useful not only for modern poetry, but an entire area of aesthetics as well. It is the author's ability to move from the specifics of his subject to its ultimate suggestiveness that justifies the title *The Truth of Poetry*. In order to place the book in some historical context, let me say that Mr. Hamburger is more adventuresome here than was Cleanth Brooks in 1939 in *Modern Poetry and the Tradition*, and more comprehensive than any of the many surveys of modern poetry that have appeared in the last two decades.

The kinds of truth poetry tells have occupied the attention of poets and students of poetry since before Plato. We possess a vast library on the subject. While no one would deny that the art of making poetry is somehow connected to the business of living, there has been little agreement as to how to define the specific relationship between a work of poetic art and the verifiable truths of the physical universe. Too often in recognizing the poem is an artifice, we conclude that its beauty depends on the elegance of a lie. But even lies suggest their other side, and when we respond to a poem, some degree of "propositional interest" is at work, i.e. something other than the poem's structure, movement or general "feeling" is shaping our response. The truth of poetry, as Mr. Hamburger recognizes, stems from such "propositional interests," including politics, religion, science, or morality. A pure poetry is an illusion cherished by those not interested in poetry, or a reality for those who have no interest at all.

In this century, science and the science of the mind particularly have expanded the ways we approach questions of poetry and belief, the relationship between public and private utterances. I. A. Richards and Kenneth Burke are two names which figure largely in this development. The unique character of Michael Hamburger's book, what it is that prompts me to place his name in the company of Burke and Richards, is his broadness of vision and method of inquiry. As far as the broadness of vision is concerned, one must read the book to feel it; the method of inquiry is comparative, synthetic and basically humanistic. Asking about the "modern element" in modern poetry, Mr. Hamburger attempts to discover general truths which make such inquiry coherent and valuable.

The descriptive subtitle is "Tensions in Modern Poetry from Baudelaire to the Nineteen-Sixties." The author draws from American, German, French, and Italian poets in their own languages. Unlike the many studies that define a single line of development in advance, Mr. Hamburger, in his own words, has "concentrated on the tensions and conflicts apparent in the work—or behind the work—of every major poet of the period." Such concentration is accomplished by allowing the many recognitions modern poetry affords to spring from the largest possible field—the poet, the poem, and its social world. Individual poets and their work are closely attended to, but the method avoids moving from one poet onto the next.

Though Mr. Hamburger follows no dogmatic critical method, a tendency or unifying point of view does emerge. Believing that poetry tells certain special truths and that theories of value are supported, or rather re-created, by poetry, he is intimating a critical procedure which looks to poetry as a product, not of individual creative sensibilities, however large a role they play, but of society. Poetry provides an index which in turn becomes a guide to any nation's social well being.

Considering Baudelaire as prototype and father of modern poetry ". . . whose vision is at once sharpened and limited

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by a high degree of critical self-awareness," Hamburger makes another observation, more exciting because of its proximity to the first. He cites the fact that poets since Baudelaire do not earn money from their poetry (they often do by speaking about it as critics or university professors) and that this development ". . . paralleled in many ways by economic developments conducive to a proliferation of middlemen in all trades and industries has not only produced conscious or unconscious reactions apparent in the political commitments of several outstanding poets, but has also affected the very substance of their work." This is only one example of how socio-political realities shape art. The most extreme cases noted to illustrate this example are the poems of Pound on one side and Brecht on the other.

While Baudelaire is most popularly thought of as an early exponent of the autonomous or autotelic activity of making a poem, where the poem is viewed as a separate world, Hamburger aligns this poet's final achievement with the modern school by noting that Baudelaire stated later on in his life that poetry need include morality in order not to become sterile. Many of the finest discussions of modern poetry center around the paradox of an autotelic approach to poetry's composition and an awareness of its effect as a social medium. Here Hamburger's critical insight into another poet's critical performance is typical of the humanistic approach to his book. "Baudelaire at no time found it necessary to involve a kind of literary criticism that would concentrate on the aesthetic and stylistic aspects of a poem. His critical essays are brilliant examples of the synthetic, as distinct from the analytical, approach and they are the work of a man concerned with the public function of the arts as much as with their inner laws." The "practical consequences" of a poem occur only after it has a public, however limited, and these consequences are determined as much by ideology as by form. Form, too, Mr. Hamburger would allow, is shaped by the anticipated consequences of the poetic act.

The Truth of Poetry makes clear that however complicated are the truths modern poetry tells, such truths are available. Understanding is not simply a matter of structural analysis, but rather a searching into the relationship between poem and reader. This is a social relationship. "If poets are writers whose use of language is necessarily critical, . . . every word in it has been weighed, they have an inescapable function . . ." that is social. The contemporary basis for such a preoccupation is found not only in the sociological criticism of the Marxists, but in the writings of T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound.

The principal achievement of Mr. Hamburger's study is not in discovering or defining the social function of modern poetry, but in locating it. "The truth of poetry, and of modern poetry especially, is to be found not only in its direct statements but in its peculiar difficulties, short cuts, silences, hiatuses and fusions." The book, like few others in this branch of aesthetics, may act as a light rather than as a lesson. It must be turned to again and again for its final effect.

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IN BRIEF

The Jerusalem Bible. Illustrated by Salvador Dali. Deluxe Gift Edition. Doubleday. $39.95.

The Jerusalem Bible, first published in English in 1966, is here presented in a handsome boxed edition, set in larger, easier-to-read type and accompanied by 32 full-page illustrations by Dali in beautiful color. The Jerusalem Bible is a widely hailed translation; if you like Dali, this is your meat. Special durable paper has been used for long life, and an 8-page family record is included, as well as maps, chronological tables, etc.

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original source material (Hebrew, Aramaic and Greek) which has been in the making for more than 25 years. It includes translations from recent archaeological and philological findings, including the Dead Sea Scrolls. Translated in collaboration with Protestant biblical scholars, it is called a Bible for all Americans. Available in various editions. P. J. Kenedy and Sons (subsidiary of Crowell Collier and Macmillan) offers a paperback volume at $4.95, a cloth edition at $9.95, and a deluxe gift edition at $17.95; St. Anthony Guild Press offers an edition at $11.50. Also available in various formats from Benziger Brothers, Catholic Book Publishing Co., and World Publishing Co.

The Raphael Bible. Assembled with an Introduction by Rumer Godden. Viking. $8.95.

On the ceiling vaults leading to the Sistine Chapel are 52 scenes known as the Raphael Bible, inspired by his unique style and executed by painters from his workshop. All but the last four which deal with the New Testament are brought together here, some in color and some in black and white, accompanied on the facing pages by the relevant Old Testament text from the Knox, Douay, King James, Jerusalem and other versions. In her preface Miss Godden gives the history of the paintings and painters. An unusual and good-looking book.

Simenon's Paris. Text by Georges Simenon. Drawings by Frederick Franck. Dial Press. $12.50.

Many readers already know Frederick Franck as the author of such books as *The Exploring Church* and *Observer at the Vatican.* The just-right Vatican sketches in the latter should have prepared them for the fact that Mr. Franck is an artist of no small ability, a fact well illustrated in this handsome love letter to the Paris of Georges Simenon. Here are the boulevards and bridges, the bars and bistros of a Paris that may not last too much longer, captured with a loving and sure eye and beautifully reproduced in 96 pages of one-color drawings, 80 of two-color and 16 of four-color. For those who love Paris and for those who should, this is a must.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 363)

suggest the solution was separatism in a neo-isolationist sense, but rather that the Third World needs to make both a nationalist, anti-colonial *and* an internal social revolution and Marxist-Leninism is still relevant to that struggle. What I did suggest is that the White Left needs to find the relevant tactics that will really support that struggle and most of its normal projections from its own point of view tend to be counter-productive to that process. Finally I did *not* suggest that the West need make no socio-economic revolution, but rather that there are two somewhat contradictory stages of revolution going on, and the White Left tends to misconstrue the needs of the Third World, who are in a revolutionary stage already completed by the West from which neo-colonialism springs. The West, on the other hand, is gripped by a more radical stage of revolutionary tension that throws technological development itself into question, and this essential part of my article was totally overlooked by Mr. Fox. This is the stage of revolutionary crisis that calls for careful analysis, yet Mr. Fox's call for a "revolution" in the West at the end of his letter made no attempt to describe and seemed oblivious to the very difficult problem of defining what might be meant by a "revolution" in advanced technological countries.

ROSEMARY RUETHER

Seniority Reform

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

To the Editors: I was impressed by your editorial in the November 13th issue on reform of the seniority system in the House of Representatives. It's a vitally important issue which isn't receiving nearly the publicity it deserves. Would you please urge your readers to write their Congressmen and Senators in support of this reform? They might also write the following Congressmen who are presently working on it:

Rep. Barber V. Conable
Chairman, Republican task force to modify the seniority system.
Rep. Julia Butler Hansen
Chairman, Seniority Study Commission of the Democratic caucus.

Thank you for whatever you can do.

DORIS R. ASMUNDSSON

A Commonweal History

Villanova, Pa.

To the Editors: I am preparing a dissertation on the history of *Commonweal* from 1924 on, and would be most grateful if anyone having letters, anecdotes, or other pertinent materials or leads would contact me.

RODGER VAN ALLEN
Theology Dept.
Villanova University

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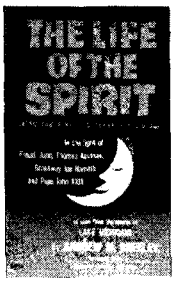

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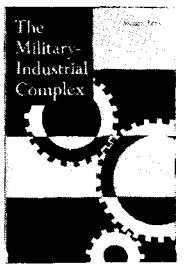

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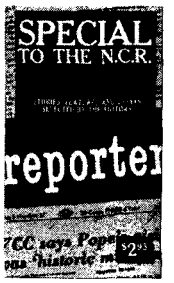

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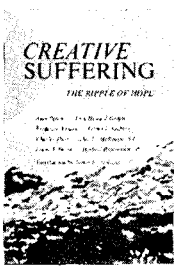

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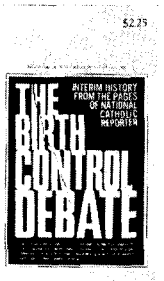

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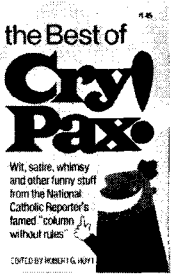

Sometimes Whimsical, sometimes satirical, but always funny, this is a collection of comments by Catholics about themselves and the changes in the Church since the Ecumenical Council. (It includes parodies from Joel Wells, cartoons by Joe Noonan and a score of short takes and take-offs by Robert Hoyt.
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